Richie Tozier: Coming Clean by BayleyWinchester

Series: Richie and Eddie become Gay Icons (it's weird but Richie loves it) [1]
Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti)
Genre: Adult Losers Club (IT), Comedy, Comedy Specials, Crack, Eddie Kaspbrak Lives, Fluff, Happy, IT Chapter Two Fix-It, Multi, Netflix Specials, Post-IT Chapter Two (2019), Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier Netflix Special, Richie Tozier is a comedian, Richie Tozier's Stand Up Act, Stanley Uris Lives
Language: English
Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier
Status: Completed
Published: 2019-12-02
Updated: 2019-12-02
Packaged: 2019-12-18 04:47:32
Rating: Mature
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,521
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Netflix Presents Richie Tozier: Coming Clean.
Back from a six-month hiatus after running off stage, Richie has a lot to say. From childhood trauma to love to murder to the fact that he's got friends now. In this Netflix special you're going to learn a lot about Richie Tozier.

Trashmouth is ready to come clean.

Rated 'Mature' for coarse language, sexual and drug references and minor depictions of violence and injury. Viewer discretion is advised.

Richie Tozier: Coming Clean

Author's Note:

> Set in canon. Pennywise exists and is the one to stab Eddie but even Richie knows that he can't talk about the demon clown that terrorized him and his friends. and hate crimed him. This is the real-world-friendly version of advents.

Please welcome to the stage: Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier!

Hello New York! Look at all of you, I was not expecting this many people to come tonight. I was kind of expecting my manager to come to my room and say ‘no one’s here so we’re just gonna cancel the whole thing. Also, you’re fired’. But I guess you want to see me. *Maybe* . Maybe you don’t want to see me but you want to see if I fuck up. Right? Yeah, that’s what I thought. I bet you little freaks wanted to see if I’d vomit on stage again. Or maybe you just want to be apart of my undoing. I don’t blame you, I’d be in that audience as well.

This is called ‘coming clean’ so maybe you’re hoping that I will talk about my drug problems that TMZ made up. Sorry guys, I am not addicted to any kind of drugs. And they had no part in my breakdown which as I’m saying it doesn’t sound as good as I thought it would. Maybe it would have been better to be addicted to drugs or whatever instead of what actually happened to me. It’s a wild and long story. And now you’re regretting coming because all you wanted to see was the Trashmouth fail at his job again. I get it.

But, sadly, I am not here to fail. Because my manager would actually kill me if I did and I just got over a fair bit of my self-loathing so I don’t want to die. Oh, thanks for that cheer, random person. Makes me feel better about myself which is a hard thing to do so well done. Anyway, let’s get into the drama. Or *‘tea’* as it’s called by internet youth. I only know this because I scrolled the RichieTozier tag for hours the other night. They all wanted to know the *‘tea’* . But here it is. Ready?

I killed a clown.

Yes, I am dead serious. I am as dead serious as the clown I killed is dead. That's a really shitty joke but I kept it in because I'm actually not that great a comedian. Eddie says it's a wonder I'm famous. Who's Eddie? We're getting into that later. We're working through my entire life tonight guys, hope you're ready to get the same treatment my therapist gets but you have to pay me and not the other way around. But, first, my actual breakdown on stage wasn't about the clown killing, that came later on.

One thing that comedians do is talk about their childhoods. It's because they're relatable as everyone was a child at some point and also you can just lie because no one but your mom can fact check you. Anyway, If you've been following me for a while, you may have noticed that I never talked about my childhood. This isn't because my childhood was boring, it wasn't relatable but it wasn't fucking boring I can assure you of that. Again, that comes later and there is a lot of murder involved. You laugh now but just wait. I don't mention my childhood because I couldn't remember it.

And not in that, 'oh I don't remember much of my childhood!' bullshit that everyone has. I had amnesia. I had no memories from before I turned eighteen and moved to LA. Like, I went to the doctors when I was twenty-three because I had no memories. They weren't very helpful and then I just lived my life with no childhood jokes to fall back on which is terrible when you're a shitty comedian. Isn't that strange? I had medically diagnosed amnesia that I just kind of ignored.

Yes, this is leading to my breakdown. Because, just before I went on stage, my childhood friend called me. Good old Mike asked me to come back to Derry, Maine, where I lived. Yup, I am from fucking *Maine* . Don't cheer for Maine, please. I said that I would go back, vomited, went on stage, forgot my joke and then vomited again. I suddenly remembered like eighteen years of my life. That's the *tea* .

It gets worse, though. This is where the murder comes in. See, Derry is the *child murder capital of America* . And I lived there when I was a *child* . About twenty kids went missing or turned up dead in my town and no one cared. We had a curfew but I snuck out every single night because I was a little shit. Sometimes parents would watch you if you were outside and without an adult but we just kept on doing

whatever we wanted.

Twenty kids went missing and we decided to go into the sewers. I was happy to just mess around in the sewers, Eddie and Stan refused to go into them until later on because they care about, like, health or whatever. Bill was the one that made us go in the sewers because, tragically, his awesome little brother was one of the missing kids. Then the town bully, a raging racist and homophobe and misogynist, the whole trifecta, who broke Eddie's arm and cut an 'H' into Ben's, our new friend, stomach.

Let's talk about Henry Bowers. Oh, from that shocked gasp I'm guessing that someone knows about my humble home town. Bowers was held back three years so he was older than us and he used that when he bullied us. My friends and I, there were four of us at first, were the main targets because of like, stereotypes and shit. Bill had a stutter, I was a shit, Stan has OCD, Eddie's Eddie. You know. Liked to call Mike the n-word, liked to push me and Eds into lockers, loved being anti-semitic against Stan. Look at me using big words. He called Ben and Bev all sorts of lovely names. And he constantly mocked Bill.

Oh, and by the way, I'm talking about Bill Denbrough. Famous writer? Yeah, we were friends when we were kids and I watched him try to flirt with a girl who is now married to our other friend. It was really fucking embarrassing. He's in the front row right now and he's glaring at me. Sorry, Buh-Buh-Billy. That's what I called him when we were kids because he had a stutter. Jesus, I was such a dick. Still am because I still call him that.

And that Ben kid? Ben Hanscome. He's famous as well. And he's always been good at building and designing stuff. We built a damn when we were like ten and almost flooded the entire town. He is also sitting in the front row right now, all of the Losers are, and is looking very bashful because he is the nicest person ever. Also, very hot. Like, just saying.

Then there's Eddie and Stan and Mike. Mike's the best kid ever. As sweet as Ben and super attractive. I keep trying to get him to model, he'd kill it. He stayed in Derry, he's a librarian and historian. Which sounds boring but he makes it really fun. I love him as well, once he

let me ride on his tractor. That's not a joke, he was a farmer when we were kids. I think he deserves the world. Stan sucks and so does Eddie. They're rolling their eyes at me, I can't see them but I can tell that they are because they always do. Both of them have to wear suits to work and work with numbers or something and both of them yell at me when I tell them that I haven't drunk any water for three days. They're like, actual adults who go for runs and have more than two pairs of socks. So boring. Stan's wife is cool though. Eddie's ex-wife is not cool and I don't like her. Neither does Eddie though. I bet they both rolled their eyes again.

I'm also talking about Beverly Marsh, the only female Loser. Oh, we called ourselves the Losers Club. I'm not just calling all of my friends Losers for the sake of it. Mrs Marsh is the coolest mother fucker I have ever met in my life. I took her to the movies once on a date, we would have been about ten then as well, and she and I outran Bowers and his gang. I love her so much. She's hot, she's cool, she doesn't laugh at my jokes but she shares her cigarettes with me and used to ditch class with me all the time. We spent so much time together, the two of us. It was awesome.

Getting back on track because I just decided to introduce all six of my friends to you instead of being funny. Mike asks me to go back to Derry so I say yes, sure. *Bad* idea. See, when I left Derry I repressed a lot of shit. Like a lot of shit. But because of the amnesia, I forgot that I was repressing stuff. Oh and all of us got amnesia aside from Mike, that's why we didn't keep in contact. We all forgot about each other when we left.

I go back to Derry and see all of my friends who have gotten hot. Now, I'm gonna get real with you before we talk about the clown killing. I had a massive crush of one of the Losers when I was a kid. I thought it would have gone away when we all meet up again but nope, I was just as head over heels as I was when I was a kid. Kind of ridiculous if you ask me or Stan, who knew because he's smart and shit.

Can you guess who I was in love with? I'll give you one guess!

Oh, you all guessed Beverly? Okay, maybe I shouldn't have declared my love for her beforehand. Does anyone have any other guesses?

Nope, fair enough.

You're wrong.

And the crowd goes silent because I introduced Bev as the only female Loser so does that mean? And you all gasp.

Yup, it's a dude. That's right, I, Richard Tozier, am gay and I am madly in love with my boyfriend Eddie Kasprak.

One of those things I repressed? The gay thing. Do you know how crazy it is to suddenly find out that you're actually gay? It's the weirdest thing to experience and then you have to go out and say 'oh my fake girlfriend, that was written because we needed people to think that I'm a straight man, hates me'. I've never had a girlfriend. I thought it was because I suck, turns out it's because I'm gay. I've also never had a boyfriend so I guess it is because I suck. But I didn't suck, because I was super single. Now I suck, as in blow jobs in case any of you were lost, because I have a boyfriend who is glaring at me but approved these jokes so you can suck on that.

Yeah, so as it turns out Eddie 'I wear bright red short-shorts and am constantly paranoid about AIDS' is gay. Who knew? Stan. Stan knew because he's a smart motherfucker. Which is great for me because I've been in love with him since I was seven. Do you know how many 'your mom' jokes I sent his way because I was freaked out? I don't know, twenty-two a day, most likely. Why do you think my nickname is 'Trashmouth'? It's because I was constantly going on about fucking Mrs K. Should have been Mr K but a) he was dead so that's just weird and b) it was the 80s and I lived in Derry.

Derry may be in a northern state but it could fit in with the bible belt so easily. Good lord could it? Homophobia capital of the world. And child murder. Let's get back to all of the dead kids and forget about the gay stuff for a bit. Don't worry I will get back on that and explain in very graphic detail why I love Eddie. It gets really sexual, and there are double the dick jokes because there are two dicks now. So, dead kids. And I can joke about it because I was also nearly one of those dead kids. It was Bill's fault but I got over it pretty quickly.

Here's the super compact version of my childhood trauma. There's a

crack house that's been there for three hundred years. There's a serial killer. There's a bunch of missing kids. There's Bill who decides that we're all going to look for his missing brother. By all I mean Stan, Eddie, me and him. Then we meet Ben and Bev then we meet Mike. Suddenly I have double the amount of friends. Beverly gets kidnapped. Eddie yells at his mother because she was a dick. We all go to the crack house.

In the crack house, there's a well. We go down the well because we're twelve and dumb and we want to rescue Bev. Why didn't we call the police? Again, twenty missing kids and no one cared. Down the well we find the sewers. We find Beverly, alive, we also find a lot of dead children. Someone just laughed. *What the fuck dude?* You think I'm joking? Where's that person who gasped when I said Bowers' name? Back me up, please.

Anyway, we rescue Beverly. Almost kill Bowers because he's tryna kill us. Tell the police and then the curfew goes away because they caught the guy. All of this is going on while I am trying to deal with the fact that I Bill and Ben are both attracted to Beverly and I was not at all. She's hot, yes, but I was unmoved. I figured out why, hated myself, repressed. Whatever.

Stan, by the way, also didn't like Bev like that. But he's not gay, he was just really into birds.

I'm gonna give you all a moment because I've found that people often don't like it when I talk about the child murder who I went to school with. So, let's have a brief interlude about Eddie before we get onto the second set of child murders that ended with me confessing my love in a hospital because Eddie legally died for a bit. *Dude* , stop fucking laughing at the fucked up shit. Oh my god.

My darling Eddie. I love him. He's insane but I love him so much. He also repressed the gay thing, so much that he married a woman. A mother who was so similar to his mother that I thought Sonia Kasprak was the one who barreled into that hospital room in Derry. Nope, it was Myra. I'm not really allowed to joke about it because it pisses Eddie off so like, let's move on. Myra was a bitch in her own right. She wasn't a good wife and honestly, like this isn't a joke at all, it breaks my heart that Eddie had to deal with her for however many

years they were together. She comes into the room, yells at me for no reason. Then yells at a nurse because she's rude and then has the audacity to yell at Eddie. Who, as stated, died. I hadn't raised my voice above a whisper for fear of giving him a headache and she's carrying on and giving me a headache.

And then Eddie interrupts her, and says "I want a divorce". I honestly thought she was going to explode. He continues, "I'm moving to LA after I get discharged." Now, I was confused as well because I kind of assumed he meant he was moving with me but like we hadn't talked about that. I haven't even declared my love yet. But I'm supportive so I nod along because Eddie living with me is a dream come true. Sonia- *sorry* Myra, is upset. And I can get that but I was just happy because Eds is coming with me.

She tried to change his mind but Eddie stood strong and says "I'm gay." Now both me and Myra are looking at him. For very different reasons, may I add. Honestly, this was the start of many of my childhood fantasies. Aside from the wife and hospital and near-death experiences stuff. Myra, who I am pretty sure is homophobic, is all red and upset. I heard angels singing from above, I swear to god.

Then she goes, "you're just this funny man's whore!" and I cracked up. She got even angrier at me but I couldn't stop laughing so then Eds starts laughing as well because we feed off each other like that. She basically threatened to draw the whole thing out and fight for everything she can so that Eddie has nothing. Eddie just shrugged, "Rich will take care of me."

Now, yes I would do anything for Eddie. But I had just failed my show and then run away with no warning so I was pretty sure that I was about to be fired so I wasn't sure if I could do that. I would be homeless for Eds but I don't think he'd like that. But I just nod because sure. Myra was not happy about that either and was complaining. This made me laugh and then she got kicked out of the hospital because she yelled at me and Eddie said that he wanted me to stay. My little gay heart was dying.

Later on that day Eddie handed me his jello because he doesn't like it but I do. He passed it to me and I just blurted out, "I love you. Like in the gay way."

And my darling Eddie, love of my life, laughed at me. He just laughed at me. “I know.”

“How?” I ask because that sounds fake. I’ve kept this hidden for years and no one knows, which I tell him but I stuttered a lot because I was nervous as fuck.

“You told me you loved me,” he laughed at me again which is rude especially considering what he said next. “When I was dying. You were hugging me and telling me that you love me.”

Yeah, that’s right. He made a joke about how he died three days earlier. How fucked up is that? I love him so much. He used my confessions of love against me. Because he was right and I had forgotten about that. But I did hold his *limp* body in my arms and begged him to be alright because I love him. How fucked is that? I also thought he was dead or unconscious so he wouldn’t hear me. Luckily he did because now we live together and I have a boyfriend.

So, are we happy? Shall we talk about why my darling Eddie Spaghetti was in a hospital bed? Kidding, you don’t get a say. On this stage I am god and I have decided that yes we are ready to move on. Basically it boiled down to, hey look it’s Bowers. After the whole 'hey you’re killing kids thing' he was sent to an *institution* . Which is fair. But the weekend we went home he decided to escape. So he’s back and he’s stabbed Eddie in the face. Now he’s going to try and kill this kid so we should stop him before he can do that.

We chase him back into the sewers. Fuck those sewers. And this is where it gets sad because we didn’t save the kid and Eddie got stabbed. Like, really badly with this massive fucking knife, in the stomach. He’s propped up against the wall and is bleeding out while I fight Bowers. Do I look like someone who knows how to fight? No. And that’s because I don’t know how to fight. But I was tired, covered in sewage and the love of my life just got stabbed so, like Edward Cullen, I had an adrenaline rush. Bet you weren’t expecting a fucking Twilight reference but you just got one.

I killed him. That’s what I meant when I said I killed a clown. I killed a man. You can look it up, I wasn’t allowed to leave Maine for a bit because I killed a dude which is actually illegal and stuff. But, as you

can see, I am not in jail. Because he was trying to kill me when I killed him so the two crimes cancel each other out, which means that I was allowed to leave jail and go home to make love to my boyfriend. And because of that joke, I don't think I will ever make love to him again.

But yeah, as I said at the beginning. I killed a clown.

That's the *tea* , guys. I've come clean with you all. I had a mental breakdown, remembered I was gay, went to my home town, reunited with my friends and crush, killed a man and then I got a cute boyfriend. A dream holiday really.

Thank you all and good fucking night!

Author's Note:

Playlist!

My Tumblr!